

REGIONS BEYOND

"Expect great things from God"
"Attempt great things for God"



THE ORGAN
of the
REGIONS BEYOND
MISSIONARY
UNION

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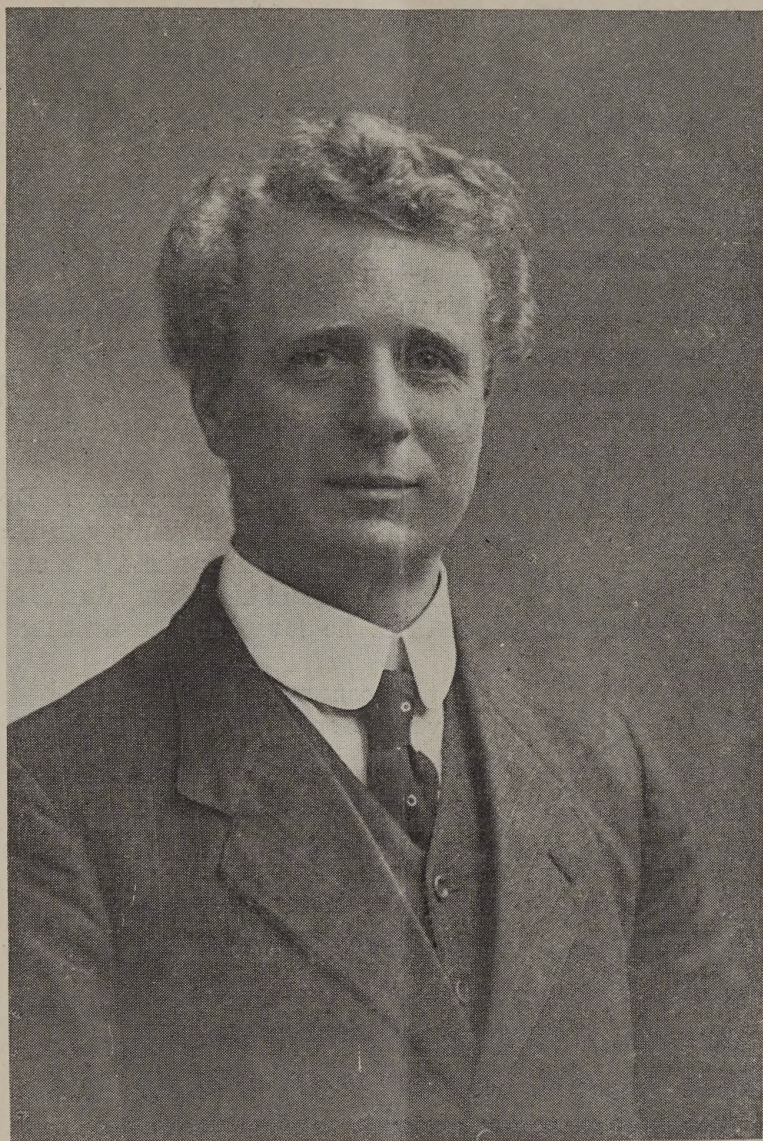
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Chas Padfield

THE LATE REV. CHARLES PADFIELD.

MAY 15, 1875—OCTOBER 14, 1921.

Regions Beyond.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

By Dr. F. B. MEYER.

This issue of REGIONS BEYOND is almost entirely devoted to the life and work of our late dear brother CHARLES PADFIELD. In these pages the friends who knew him—and they are legion—will hear again in the various extracts from his writings, his familiar voice pleading on behalf of Congoland's sorrows and sufferings, and her need of the Gospel.

Great care has been taken in the preparation of this brief Memoir, and so far as space has permitted, extracts have been given from his diaries and articles, written in the course of his years of service in and for that needy land.

To myself his Home-call has been a very real sorrow. During his last furlough, and especially on the eve of his journey to U.S.A., we had a series of long confidential conferences about the conduct and development of this noble Mission; and he, "being dead," seems to bid me do my best for the Africa he loved, and for which he surrendered all.

His living interest in all that concerned the Kingdom of God; his alert attention to any discovery, scientific or otherwise, that would help him to do his work better; his quick sensitiveness to suffering, as suffering himself with those who suffer; his supreme devotion to our Lord; his buoyant cheerfulness, which exceeded the limits of his high calling—for he was never off duty,—made him one of the noblest and most lovable men of my somewhat wide acquaintancè.

May his mantle fall upon someone who is looking towards Central Africa as his future sphere of service, and may such an one hear the Master's call,

"WHO WILL GO FOR US,"

and, laying all at His feet, respond, gladly

"HERE AM I, SEND ME!"

F B Meyer.

P.S.—I hope that this number of our Magazine, for the compilation of which we are greatly indebted to our friend Mr. Talbot, may stir our friends throughout the country to fresh prayer and sacrifice.

In Memory of Charles Padfield,

TRANSLATED TO HIGHER SERVICE, OCTOBER 14TH, 1921.

"O MAN GREATLY BELOVED." (Daniel x., 19).

A very deep and abiding loss has been sustained by the work of God on the Congo, through the Home-call, on October 14th last, of the Rev. CHARLES PADFIELD. The cable which reached us on the morning of October 18th, which simply told the bare fact of his passing, came as a staggering blow. It was exactly six weeks previously when we bade him good-bye, with a group of other Missionaries for West Africa, at Liverpool Street Station, and he was then, to all appearances, in the best of health. We have been waiting ever since for fuller details, but we knew they could not reach us for some weeks. Now the tidings are to hand, in the following communication written by his sorrowing fellow-labourer and travelling companion, Rev. R. A. Mathers—

"Few missionaries are as deeply mourned as will be the Rev. Charles Padfield, who passed into the silence in such tragic circumstances on the 14th October. His engaging personality impressed all who had the privilege of coming into close contact with him, and they were a multitude in number, for he was widely known. His clarion call to Repentance and Service has been heard by tens of thousands of people throughout the British Isles and the U.S.A., as well as by the natives of the inland forests of Africa. His consecration to the cause of Christ and the Congo was complete. Hundreds to-day are mourning his loss.

"Little did we think as we started on our up-river trip, that he, who seemed the strongest and most virile of men, would in five short days be past recall. But so it was! On Tuesday, 11th October, he complained of severe pains in his joints, but there was only a slight increase of temperature, and he seemed to get better towards evening. On Wednesday the pains were still more acute, and we were glad to arrive at the B.M.S. station of Bolobo, where we could get medical advice. We arrived there at midday, and Dr. Girling very kindly asked Mr. Padfield to leave the steamer and remain there till he thoroughly recovered. But our brother was anxious to reach his destination, and as neither he nor anyone else thought of danger, he decided to continue his journey. From that time he went quickly and steadily down-hill. In less than 48 hours, full of suffering, but surrounded by a halo of glory (for was not the King there?) he had passed to his rest.

"For more than twelve hours before he passed away, our brother realized that he was hearing the call that all must obey. The thought of his dear wife and children was often with him, and much as he would have liked to be spared for their sake, and also for the sake of the work on the Congo, he was willing for whatever God willed; and God willed to promote him to higher service, so he resigned himself, realizing that God knew best.

"Even in these hours of extremity, our brother's thoughts were drawn to the natives he so much loved. A few hours before he died, he looked me straight in the face and said: 'Mathers, please write Boate and Bofuki (two of his Baringa boys who have strayed of late) and tell them to return to their Lord.' I don't

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think many, suffering as he was suffering then, would have had such a thought. But this was characteristic of the man. As a native pastor at a station which Mr. Padfield had once visited said, when he heard of the death of our brother, 'No white man has ever shown such love for us black people as Bompambala.' And one had only to watch Mr. Padfield in contact with natives to know how true this was. They realized that though all the world should forsake them, here was one who would stand by them. The word of greeting was always on his lips; he felt it as much a duty to greet the native as the white man. He was 'the perfect gentleman,' in whose presence one was put at ease in a moment. Their sorrows were his sorrows. Their joys were his joys.

"The little cemetery at Irebo, just on the confines of Lololand, is his burial place. It seems strange that he should be preserved through all the thousands of miles of journeying only to succumb at the threshold of the district whose people he loved and whom he had served for eighteen long years. I don't think for a moment that the laying down of his life was his greatest sacrifice. The separation from his loved ones, I believe, cost him quite as much—aye, and more—than the separation of soul from body, for he loved them more than his own life. It seems to me the Lord said; 'Lovest thou me more than these?' and when he replied 'Yea, Lord' and proved his love for His Master by leaving all for His sake, the final test had been successfully passed, and he was pronounced meet to join that noble army 'who counted not their lives dear unto them,' and are now resting from their labours.

"We laid him to rest shortly after sunrise on Saturday, 15th October. It was a dull dawn. Heavy clouds hung close to the ground, and the dew dripped dully from the verdure. It was a fitting accompaniment to a dolorous duty. But as we progressed with the service, we noticed that the clouds were being pierced at many points, and before we had finished, the glorious sun was pouring her life-giving rays earthwards, and nature quickly became irradiated with effulgent glory.

"We could not help, in spite of our tears, drawing an obvious analogy.

"Over Africa, heavy clouds of ignorance, superstition, oppression and degradation have hovered for centuries. The Sun of Righteousness has dawned on many lands, but still many parts of the dark continent have never seen His light. These clouds must be pierced to let the sunshine through. Our dear brother spent himself in this effort. Hundreds to-day on the Congo are rejoicing in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, because of the life and work of Charles Padfield.

"May this not be the service that God is calling you, dear reader, to enter?"

R. A. MATHERS.

Thus the Heavenly Father has willed, and it is ours to bow in deep submission; but we feel constrained to say that, in Mr. Padfield's passing, there goes out from us into the Heavenly Home, one whose every act set forth his deep devotion to the cause which he embraced in his young manhood, and in which he spent, without reservation, the remaining twenty-one years of his life.

Our Congo missionaries who were eagerly anticipating his arrival for their Annual Conference, at which important problems of immediate interest in the development and progress of the Mission, were to be discussed, were not, in consequence of his death before reaching the Conference, permitted again to enjoy the fellowship and counsel of their beloved co-worker, and are mourning with us, his departure from his earthly sphere of service.

MEMOIR OF REV. CHARLES PADFIELD.

One other name has thus to be added to the roll of missionaries who now sleep in Jesus in Africa's soil ; and other Societies, as well as our own, who have in some way been associated with him in his lengthened service, testify, as will be seen in the following pages, alike to his high character as to his devotion in the Master's Service.

The many friends he made throughout this country on his various deputation tours while on furlough, feel they have sustained a personal loss in his Home-call ; while in America, during his brief stay there in the early part of 1921, his departure is no less keenly felt.

To his own home circle his loss is, of course, irreparable. His beloved widow, unable herself to return to the Field with the three children, willingly gave him up for a further term of service on the Congo in response to the call, which he felt he dare not lay aside ; and to her and the three children the sympathy of multitudes is extended, at this, for them, dark hour. Mrs. Padfield's health has given way under the suddenness of the shock, and we commend her to the prayerfulness of God's people in her loneliness and sorrow. Our affectionate sympathy is also offered to his aged father and mother at Paulton, near Bristol.

At the Meeting of the Directors of the R.B.M.U., on November 18th, the following resolution was passed by the Board :—

" The Directors of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union heard with profound regret of the unexpected death of Rev. Charles Padfield, on October 14th, 1921, while still on his journey to the Congo, and place on record their sense of the great loss which the Mission has thereby sustained,

" Mr. Padfield entered Harley College for training in September, 1899, and was accepted for Missionary work and sailed for the Congo, in September, 1903, since which time he had continued uninterruptedly in the service of the Mission. He was universally beloved by the Directors and by his colleagues on the Field. Possessed of gifts which would have made him a most acceptable Pastor at home, he had with whole-hearted consecration devoted himself to the irresistible call to service in Congoland, and no temptation to turn therefrom was heeded, even in subsequent years, when it seemed that he was so greatly needed in Missionary advocacy at home.

" During his several furloughs he proved to be one of the most gifted and acceptable deputations the Mission ever had, and in this connection, in particular, the loss sustained will be an abiding one. He made a multitude of friends everywhere, who grieve to-day his departure.

" In the midst of his years the Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable wisdom, had seen fit to remove him from the earthly to the heavenly service.

" Those who remain thank God at every remembrance of his loveliness, his loyalty, and his devotion to the Master ; and earnestly pray that this appreciation of his life and service will be some comfort to his sorrowing widow and children, and to his aged father and mother."

In the following pages will be found some particulars of the life closed comparatively early ; of his faithfulness in the Master's service ; and appreciations from those who were connected with him therein.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY DAYS.

CHARLES WILLIAM PADFIELD was born in the mining village of Paulton, Somerset, on May 15th, 1875, and thus was in his 46th year at the time of his "passing." After his school days he served his apprenticeship to the building trade, which was of invaluable service to him in the extensive building operations of the Mission, he being largely responsible for these at Baringa Station, and also helping at the other centres where from time to time he was located.

He was early connected with the Baptist Church in his native village and was baptized there when 13 years of age by the Rev. John Kempton, and remained associated with it until the end. His conversion was largely the result of the influence and testimony of a companion, in conjunction with his godly mother's prayers. He straightway made a decided stand for Christ by distributing Tracts, and ultimately became a preacher in the surrounding village Chapels. Later on, he became a preacher of the Bristol Baptist Itinerant Society, and Secretary of the United Gospel Mission Band. Many tokens were given him of the Divine seal upon his labours, which were an assurance to him that he was being fitted thereby for work in the larger field where he was subsequently to labour. The high esteem in which he was held, even among his "own people," was strikingly evidenced at the crowded Memorial Services conducted in the Chapel on the Sunday following the receipt of the sad tidings, by Rev. Dr. Burford Hooke. Seven or eight weeks previously Mr. Padfield had himself occupied the pulpit of the little Chapel at both services, and once more bade good-bye to his father, mother, and family, as he again went forth to the field, from which he was henceforth not to return.

In the spring of 1899, Mr. Padfield applied to enter Harley College, and passed through his course there to the warm satisfaction of the Staff of the College. Mr. F. W. Schofield, practically the only member still with us of the Tutorial Staff, writes of him thus :—

"Dear Charlie made every heart his own from the first day he entered College. For transparent, self-forgetting affection, for singleness of purpose, and whole-hearted out-pouring of his very best for God and man, he equalled the best."

At the time of his application in 1902 to the Council of the Congo Balolo Mission for service in Africa, the late Principal Forbes Jackson, of Harley College, gave the following testimony to the Council :—

"I am glad to endorse with great heartiness Mr. Padfield's application for work on the Congo For a couple of years a Church in Bristol which was largely gathered by his instrumentality has been waiting for him, but he has felt the obligation of a greater need and the honour and opportunity of a larger sphere."

After a short period of Medical Training at Livingstone College, he sailed first for the Congo, in September, 1903.

The spirit which animated our brother may be gathered from the following extract from the address which he gave to the vast gathering in the grounds of Harley House on July 3rd, 1903, under the presidency of our present Acting Director, Dr. F. B. Meyer :—

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"I am not here," said he, "to speak about myself, but of those who are going with me. They are men and women who have been tried and tested, men and women whose hearts have been drawn by God to this work, men and women who know something of the difficulty to which they are going, and with very high ideals as to what they hope to accomplish. And not that alone. I once read a story of an old Roman Consul who was sent for by his Emperor to come away to Rome. His friends gathered round him and said it was not the time of year for sailing, that the seas were rough and dangers many, why go? The old man replied very definitely. 'It is not necessary for me to *live*, but it is necessary for me to *obey*.' These words I gather to be the heart thoughts and deep devotion of the men and women with whom I hope to have the pleasure of leaving England in order to take to those far-away regions where darkness and sin still remain, the Gospel of God's grace. Pray for us!"

In this spirit of obedience to the Master's "go ye," our brother went forth, ready to give years of golden deeds to Central Africa and her heathen people. The writer once heard Eva Booth say concerning her father (the late General Booth) that the secret of his success was that "he laid all on the altar, and he never took aught back." So was it with Charles Padfield. Nothing turned him aside from his life's work of "preaching the Gospel in the regions beyond." During his furloughs in the homeland, calls to settle in the home Ministry came to him from many quarters, and even last year, when his advocacy was so greatly needed by the Mission at home, the call to Congoland so possessed him still, that he felt it was irresistible, and laid aside the earnest wish of the Directors that he should remain at home for service here.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE CONGO.

During his first period of service on the Field, while acquiring the language, Mr. Padfield was located first at Lolonga and subsequently at Bonginda, one of the earliest stations of the Mission. It was while at the latter that the first sorrow of his life came to him in the Home-call of his first beloved wife, who went out with him.

After her death, he was transferred to Baringa in the early days of its opening, and to him was given to see the dawn of the Kingdom of God there, and to have the joy of baptising some of the first converts at that new station on the Maringa River, some 1,100 miles inland from the coast.

How tender was his heart towards the oppressed, living there among "the habitations of cruelty." He thus wrote concerning one such, a poor distressed girl who came to him at that time :—

"Long ages past the Psalmist recorded a then well-known fact; a fact which the intervening centuries have emphasised, and a fact which to-day any worker in Central Africa has to confirm from bitter experience.

"It seems man must be tender or cruel, pitiful or brutal, compassionate or heartless, and around here, where the light of the pitiful Christ has not been known, all that is worst in man has had full play to the extinction of all that is best.

"A few days ago a poor creature, with the look of a hunted animal, came to me. From her mouth blood was oozing, on her forehead, shoulders and legs were bleeding wounds. Who was she? and why had she come?

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"She was a girl of about 15 years of age, who under ordinary circumstances would have been a coveted prize, an acquisition to the wealth of some man of many wives. But she stood before me ownerless, an outcast. For the fell hand of disease in the form of the dread 'sleeping sickness' had laid hold of her. Her thin frame, her incoherent speech, her unkempt hair, all tell the same sad tale. She is marked for death.

"She has come because her people have tried to get rid of her, the method adopted being to take her into the bush, and leave her there tied to a stake, without food or water, to die of disease, hunger and thirst. But they had not secured her firmly, for by dint of much wriggling she had freed one hand and then the other, and there she stood a gaunt testimony to the Psalmist's words."

THE JOY OF INGATHERING.

With what joy he welcomed some of the first-fruits at Baringa Station, he thus recorded:—

"How I wish I could describe the scene, a scene pregnant with promise and hope. We had chosen a clearing in the forest, midway between Baringa and Bokere, for we were desirous that as many as possible should witness this act of confession and consecration. Congo forests have witnessed scenes which have made men shudder and angels weep, but in our hearts and in the presence of the angels of God this scene gave joy.

"A good number gathered, and when Mr. Stannard mounted the root of a fallen tree, a hush fell and he sought the blessing of our loving Father on all gathered. We then sang, and the forest rang to the echo as the song rose heavenwards to the name of Him who loved us. Mr. Stannard then addressed the people, pointing out the meaning of the service, and appealing to them to accept the Saviour Who had changed the lives of those about to be baptized.

"Those to be baptized then spoke. First came Inunga, a true and humble soul. In the crowd was Isekalmango, the chief of Inunga's town, and to this man he appealed thus: 'Isekalmango, you knew me that I was bad and did evil; I surpassed in wickedness so that you used to speak of me as bad; and you people of my town remember my thieving and lying, etc.; but you also know that I am changed. I do not the things I once surpassed in, and why? Is it because I possess great strength? No. It is because Jesus has healed me and is teaching me to follow His pattern.'

"Next came Longombo, a strong man in every way, he too appealed to all present to remember his past, and to compare it with his present, and he said, 'In the name of Jesus I tell you that this difference is to last for ever, for Jesus and I are in league.' Then he appealed to them to leave their sins and accept the Saviour.

"Then came Ingolo,

THE FIRST OF BARINGA'S WOMEN TO CONFESS CHRIST.

It was a sight not soon to be forgotten as she stood there and simply told her experience of the Saviour's power and then with a directness possible only to such as her, she appealed to the women around to accept the Saviour, and we prayed that a large number of those who bear the worst heritage of heathendom may know, as Ingolo knows, the transforming power of the Christ.

"Later in the day we gathered around the table of consecration and love, and those who had been baptized sat with us as we remembered His death, and from our hearts there rose a prayer that they may be kept and that to us as a church here may be added such in ever-growing numbers."

Since that occasion he has baptized scores of disciples, a good many of whom have already "passed over to the other side," and surely have been

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among those who have welcomed him to the eternal shore. . . . With what eagerness our friend sought to enter territory where "Satan's seat is." He thus sets forth his experiences of a day in the country behind Baringa, where lie a number of towns known by the collective name of Lifumba. The work of itineration, as is well known, occupies our missionaries, sometimes for periods of five or six weeks at a time, making it necessary to carry with them on the road the impedimenta set forth in the early paragraphs of the following account :—

"The Lifumba people are ordinary forest-dwellers, conservative as to change, preservers of old customs and superstitions. To reach these people from Baringa means that one must spend a few days with them. Before setting out, cooking pots, bedding, etc., must be packed, for although all that the people have will be placed at our use, it so happens that bedding, cooking pots, etc., as known to us, are unknown to them.



THE FIRST BARINGA CHRISTIAN.

"Leaving Baringa, we enter the forest. Each town here is separated by a stretch of forest, the path only permitting passage in single file, which in some measure preserves the town from sudden attack.

"Soon we enter Boiringa ; men hail us as we pass, telling that the Lifumba people had captured some of their wives, and we are commissioned to return these stolen women.

"Leaving behind us the last hut of Boiringa, we came to the ' Strait Gate,' and we have to crawl through a small hole in the barricade, which tells its own story. At the top of the hole hang murderous looking blocks, and woe to

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the unsuspecting neck that should seek to pass through after nightfall. Soon we reach a swamp. No one minds wading a stream even if it be waist deep, but of these swamps! with their soft black mud, their traps for the unwary, their demands on one's acrobatic skill—to say the least they are not pleasant.

"Having safely negotiated two swamps we come to a firm forest path, and in its friendly shade, progress is easy.

"Our first business on reaching the town is to see the chief, and exchange salutations. He is an old man, a veritable actor. His outfit, a small native cloth; a monkey skin for a hat; a bright gleaming knife, and a number of charms. He is a man with a past; his name was a name to conjure with in the fierce days of yore.

"Hearing that we have come to teach him and his people, he places a hut at our disposal. Soon a crowd gathers, and we tell them of God and His love, also our obligations to Him. To them it is a strange story, especially in its demands upon every day conduct.

"We now pass down the street to speak with people in their huts, or the men gathered at the blacksmith's shop, for as in an English village, the 'smithy' is a gathering place.

"As we pass from group to group, the noise of native dance drums grows louder and louder, and presently we arrive at the dancing ground. The people urge us to come and see them dancing. How shall I describe the sight, possibly 60 or 70 women circling round and round to the beat of the drum. Their bodies are covered with palm-oil and camwood powder, and with the scantiest possible clothing; in fact anything more debasing to actors and spectators alike, it would be impossible to imagine.

"For a while they permitted us to speak to them of Jesus, and we told of Him who alone can give lasting joy. How sad one felt as one saw wee girls being initiated in the paths of vice that are the concomitants of dances here.



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"Soon after leaving the dancing ground, we heard the war drums ring out, and every young man gripped spear and shield, and rushed off. We found that some men of a neighbouring town had attacked the people of this town we were in, and that one man had been badly wounded, and one woman taken prisoner. The fires of revenge leapt into flames, and the young men were off to see if they could not rescue the woman, and, if possible, wound some of the opposite side.

"The night was now falling, and we sought our hut, sad at heart, for we had been in contact with the strongholds of evil. And the thought of these poor hearts and their slavery is well nigh crushing.

"After dark the chief came to sit with me. He told me of the days now past before they had seen or even heard of a white man. As he talked of the old order which is passing, we tried to point him to those things which fade not away.

"When the chief had bid me good night, the two Christians who accompanied me came that we might pray. There under the star-spangled heavens we bowed before Him Who is the 'Lord of the Harvest,' seeking that the darkness of those around us may be chased away by the rosy dawn of His love."

CHAPTER III.

FURLOUGHS & MARRIAGE.

Returning home in the Spring of 1907, our friend was sought after in many directions throughout the length and breadth of the country, to tell the story of the work in Congoland. His gifted utterance made him everywhere a most acceptable deputation, and his period of "rest" was anything but a holiday. Travelling from place to place, preaching, speaking, and lecturing to congregations small and large, he made a permanent impression, and many who are now the most prayerful as well as practical members of our Regions Beyond Helpers' Union, were obtained through his effective ministry.

* * * * *

It was during this first furlough, that the Campaign of Protest against the mis-government of the Belgian Congo was in full activity, and in company with the late Dr. Harry Guinness, he toured the country almost from Land's End to John O'Groats, voicing the growing public demand for the cessation of the atrocities which were the shame and disgrace of Belgium's then administration. Invaluable service was rendered by him as he went from place to place, both alone and in company with Dr. Guinness, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harris, Mr. E. D. Morel (Congo Reform Association), and others.

Mr. Padfield's soul burned with indignation at the horrible cruelties which had been and were even then being perpetrated on the Congo, of which he himself was an eye-witness. He uttered that indignation to crowded audiences in such great buildings as St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow; The Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh; Kinnaird Hall, Dundee; Town Hall, Birmingham, and other centres throughout the land.

The horrible nightmare of Congoland is now, happily, a thing of the past, and there is to-day a much more beneficent régime at work under King Albert for the government of that formerly, unhappy land.

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REGIONS BEYOND.

"SAND SERVICES."

Both on his first and subsequent furloughs Mr. Padfield took part in the seaside campaigns of the National Sunday School Union, and particularly at Margate in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Mr. Newton Jones, the well known Young People's Evangelist. The following testimonies from the Hon. Secretary of the Home Missions Committee will show what Mr. Padfield was to the workers among children and young people :—

"Our late friend has endeared himself to us, and to the Children of the Sand Services, and many have been strengthened by his witness. He was a real brother to us, and to the many Sand Service leaders and supporters. We rejoice that his work lives, and that we have been permitted to work side by side with one whose consecrated life has been to us a tower of strength, and a revelation of the Power of God."

The Sub-Editor of the *Sunday School Chronicle* adds :—

"I first met my dear friend, Charles Padfield, on his first visit to Margate, and had the privilege of sharing his bedroom for a whole week. The inspiration of some of our midnight talks in the darkness has remained with me through the years, and I have often thanked God for it. What a great man Mr. Padfield was! And what a Home-coming! What a load of precious sheaves he will have to lay at the Master's feet!"

* * * * *

MARRIAGE.

At the "sand services" above referred to, our dear friend first met Miss Norah Toppin, who is now his widow. They were married at Brighton on July 14th, 1910, in the Countess of Huntingdon's Church, by the late Principal Forbes Jackson, assisted by a former student of Harley College, Rev. Walter Downham, then Pastor of the Church over which the late Rev. J. B. Figgis for so many years presided. The bride and bridegroom sailed together for the Congo on August 18th of that year and were stationed at Ikau until the autumn of 1912, when they removed to Baringa, where Mr. Padfield had laboured previously.

On his return to the Congo, after furlough, in the early part of 1915, Mr. Padfield wrote in the *Congo Balolo Record*, (the little occasional paper printed by our own Press at Bongandanga) an appreciation of kindness received during his deputation tours at home, the reprint of which will be appreciated, particularly by those who arranged for meetings and entertained him during his last and final furlough.—

A WORD OF THANKS.

"Furloughs are doubtless a necessary evil! As far as the Congo is concerned they are a necessity imposed on all and sundry by the awful physical strain that residence here spells for the white man. Hence it is that one of the things which has to be sought is physical recuperation. But man is not only physical; and one of the clamant needs of the home-going Missionary is that he shall get his mental, social, and spiritual life renewed. How better can this be done than by mixing with the keenest and best of folk? 'Who are these?' you ask. Well, I think they are found among the hosts of friends that one meets when on deputation work.

"I think of the sweet joys and pleasures of family life that we are denied in Congoland, and to those families who by the love of parent and

MEMOIR OF REV. CHARLES PADFIELD.

children, by loving obedience and gentle care, have shown me while I have dwelt with them, the great beauty of British homes, I tender thanks.

"Then again, I have a special reason to thank some Christian worker whom I had met in earlier years, loyal, eager and true. For some of them the autumn days have come and yet at their posts I found them, as eager and optimistic as ever, telling by their work and ways that later days need not be barren or unfruitful.

"I think too, of the many homes north and south of the Tweed, that so kindly entertained me; the memory of these kindnesses will colour many a drab day when it comes, as come it will. To particularise would be impossible, but there were some whose kindness will ever leave me under an obligation.

"Then I would not forget the ministers who gave me an opportunity of speaking to their people: One minister gave me his crowded week-evening service; he said that for no other cause would he give up that service, and I do not wonder; for those present were the very best of a very good church and to speak to them was a privilege indeed. Especially sweet will be the memory of some places where one saw at the close of a service the penitential tear.

"Travelling is a tedious matter on the Congo, and with boyish glee do I look back to some of the motor rides that friends gave me. Sometimes speed limits were forgotten, and one stored up the memory of such against the day when one would be floundering at three miles an hour through a Congo swamp.

"To all secretaries of The Regions Beyond Helpers' Union I tender my sincere thanks; for they rendered no small assistance.

"What shall I say of those who have contributed to our children's work, some having undertaken the support of a child, others making clothes, etc., for them? To them all I say a very sincere thank you. Aye, I might go further, and thank them in anticipation for favours still to come.

"The last, but not the least thing that I am thankful for is, that while at home friends said, 'We will pray for you.' One grey-headed man said to me at the close of a meeting, 'I have never failed to remember you in prayer every day since you first went to the Congo.' These are the facts that nerve one, these are the things that encourage in the days when evil seems to triumph; these are the words that make one wish to be worthy of the love and faithfulness thus revealed."

* * * * *

A UNITED CONFERENCE.

During his last furlough, our friend crossed the Atlantic (in company with Mr. T. S. Penny and Rev. C. E. Wilson, B.A., Chairman and Secretary respectively, of the Baptist Missionary Society) as delegate of the R.B.M.U. to the special Conference of Congo Missionary Societies convened by the American Baptist Foreign Mission Board, to discuss problems relating to the closer co-operation of the various missions on the Congo, and the desirability of co-operative work especially in connection with printing, engineering, the control of steamers, and other practical questions. His fellow travellers found him not only a genial companion, but one full of sound wisdom.

His counsel was also greatly valued by the officers of the D.C.C.M., whose guest he was, as will be seen by the testimonies received since his death, from the Board and Secretaries of that Mission. (See pages 21-22).

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He also visited Northfield and spoke to the great company of students in Mr. Moody's Bible Training Institute, and subsequently went South to Booker Washington's great establishment at Tuskegee, and also to another Negro School at St. Helena Island, described by him in REGIONS BEYOND last year. He came away from these last-named places "desiring," as he said, "to be a better man, a fitter worker, a more dedicated soul to Christ's service; but, above all," he left "with greater faith in the negro race." His fervent hope and prayer was that "What Booker Washington did through the enablings of God, should yet be done in the Congo, by one of Congo's sons." That is a task in which our brother was not permitted to have a share, though who can tell what his prayerful service on earth will eventually effect in that respect.



CHILDREN OF MR. & MRS. PADFIELD.

Scott born Nov., 1914; Shiela, born Oct., 1917; Sophie Mary, born May, 1921.

* * *

Three children, all of whom survive their father, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Padfield; two at home and one on the Congo. Their names are Scott, born May 12th, 1914; Shiela, born October 25th, 1917; and Sophie Mary, born 21st May, 1921.

Much prayer is ascending and will ascend for the widow and fatherless children.

* * *

We would not forget to mention in our sympathy, that Mrs. Padfield's sister, Mrs. Rudland, who is living with her in North London, is also the widow of a former Congo Missionary, the late Rev. Harry Rudland, who died on the Congo on July 4th, 1916. Thus there are two widows of former Congo missionaries living together.

CHAPTER IV. CLOSING DECADE.

Mr. Padfield's later years of service from 1910 onward to the close of his life (with the necessary furloughs between) were spent mainly at IKAU and BARINGA. After settling at Ikaui with his bride at the end of 1910, he made an extensive tour, in company with Mr. Gilchrist, in the great districts

drained by the upper waters of the four great tributaries of the Congo, in which the Balolo live, with a view to extension work, a tour which occupied at least three months, during which he and his companion walked approximately 757 miles and travelled by steamer about 550 miles.

In an account of that "itineration," which he addressed to his "friends of the Margate Sand Services," he writes that he came in touch with 25 native districts, and says :—

"How I wish that I could put before you the picture of our life here, so that in loving sympathy, and constant intercession you could have a growing share in the building of God's Temple here. Since I was with you last year, I have been pretty much of a wanderer on the face of the earth. On my return I was asked by our 'Field Conference,' to share in an extensive tour in the districts drained by the upper waters of the Ikelelba, Maringa, Bolombo, and Lomako Rivers. This work occupied us from November till February of the present year (1911), and during that time we came in contact with thousands of people who had never before heard the name of Jesus.

"Our first tramp was across the watershed that divides the Juapa and Ikelemba rivers. This took us ten days, and not over roads such as Margate affords—but through swamp and stream (some days several streams would have to be forded), that would take us well over the waist, and taking an hour to cross. Some days our marching would take 9 hours, on other days 6 hours would bring us to our destination. In each village we passed through, the message of the Christ was told; and as the people gathered one wondered how the story of Love appealed to them, for certainly never before had such a message been heard by their ears.

"Without exception they were clamorous for us to return. I often left making a half-promise that someone else should come, or I would return, but that promise has not been redeemed yet; when will it be I wonder?

"During this tramp we discovered a fine strategic point, or centre, in which a Mission station might be built that would command four districts containing some 60,000 people. Will you not join in praying for the whole district to come under the influence of the Christ, and, humanly speaking, that is only possible, if the Mission Station is opened in the place I have mentioned."

In a closing sentence he urges his Margate friends "to be sure and keep the Missionary spirit well to the fore."

During this long journey, our friend had the misfortune of losing most of his wardrobe by the sinking of our own steamer, through striking a snag.

It was while resident at Ikau that he inaugurated the

WICKER-WORK INDUSTRY

which has now become quite a flourishing department at that centre, and which was fully described in the August-October issue of *REGIONS BEYOND* for 1921.

The following vivid description is part of an article written before his final furlough, which will give some idea of what is yet to be accomplished in the evangelization of Central Africa :—

"THE HAPPY SMILING HEATHEN,"

"Such is the description one read in a recent journal, and day by day during the last six weeks the insincerity of the words have burnt itself into one's consciousness.

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"It cannot be denied that a superficial acquaintance with Congo heathendom might give that impression, but its utter falsity would not thereby be diminished. I can imagine a man boarding a river steamer at Stanley Pool for up-river and coming presently to a wooding-post. The young and lusty will be gathering to buy from, or sell to, the steamer's *personnel*. In a crowd the native shines, in more senses than one; but it is then, as the steamer approaches the 'beach,' that one sees native gaiety at its best. Gibes will be thrown, pleasantries exchanged, simple things will cause great hilarity, and the traveller finds himself saying 'Happy, smiling heathen.'

"But he forgets that the natives at the beach are the young and strong. He forgets that the sorrowful and aged often, like animals, shun their fellows, and especially do they shun white men. He forgets that the burdened and hopeless will not be seen by him. But let the said traveller leave his steamer. Let him with observant eyes and sympathetic ears pass through the villages. Let him sit in the moonlight and talk with the natives as man to man, and he will then find that heathendom spells fear, haunting, paralysing fear. He will find it spells dreads unnerving in their constant menace. He will find an utter lack of hope and inspiration in its life.

ANGRY SPIRITS.

"During the early months of this year influenza passed with its death-dealing power through the district, men and women died, and immediately up flamed the dreads and fears demanding action to appease the angry spirits, the spirits of their departed, that lurking in forest shade ever seek opportunities to punish the living. Death had come and how could it be stayed? The spirits were angry, and so the poor frightened folk look round; what can be done? How can the anger thus shown be allayed? For the past four weeks every village we have entered has answered the question in one way; they have taken their household goods, baskets, etc., and by their dozens have piled them up at the village entrance, hoping that the spirit or spirits responsible will see and approve, and stay their devastating power. Apparently the men were persuaded that it was with the women the spirits were angry, for among the hundreds of things destroyed, not one that man made was to be seen.

"Remember that in his inner life the native conceives of the spirits of his father and mother as incessant in their activities, to avenge for slights and insults received during life in the body and after death. With such a conviction in the mind, can men be 'happy and smiling?' Can those be, who have not seen the face of Him Who has brought to light Life and Immortality? Can those who have no conception of a Father's heart pulsating with redeeming love ever be really happy?

"Certain it is that Central African heathendom answers in unmistakable tones, 'No.' Happy, smiling, they are not. Fear haunted terror stricken, they often are. Hopeless and lacking joy is a constant state for those who are heathen. To us has been committed the ministry of proclaiming the Name of Him Who came that their 'joy may be full,' and He, and He alone can really make men happy."

On their arrival at the Congo, after their furlough in March, 1915, Mr. and Mrs. Padfield had brought home to them a realisation of the dangers, from which they had been preserved on their journey, the ill-fated *Falaba*, which had lain alongside their ship at Liverpool and travelled by the same route as themselves, having been sent to the bottom by a German submarine. Commenting on that fact, our friend made the following appeal in the *Congo Record*—

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We have come to the Congo for war ; but not of the type that fills the newspapers. 'The weapons of our warfare are not temporal but spiritual ;' and we know that they are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. No truce in this fight, no armistice in this war, until our King comes who shall reign in righteousness ! Reader, whosoever you may be will you help us in this fight ? "

WORK AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

Our dear friend never forgot the children, and while at Baringa, his wife and he had often as many as 80 boys and girls under their care to mould and influence for Jesus. A queer group some of these were ; but he always remembered, as he worked among them, that far down the avenue of the centuries stood the one Supreme Missionary Who, gathering the children to Himself, displayed the one and only way to deal with them, so that when any children, needy or untaught, whether black or white, came to the missionaries for help, it was always theirs to follow the clear blazed trail our Lord left behind. The one great aim was to lead the children to open their hearts to the Saviour. This they sought to accomplish by having them on the Station, away from the vile and degrading influences of the native town, "a change that means more than home friends can ever understand." But for this special work, wrote Mr, Padfield, "we should only have these boys under our influence at the utmost for two hours a day, leaving 22 clear hours in which to undo the two hours' work ;" but always having them at the Station, we seek "by the expulsive power of new affections, to keep them free of the sordid lusts that fill so large a part of native life."

Beginning the children's day with a simple breakfast of two bananas at 5.45 a.m., and school at 6.30 a.m., about four hours daily were spent in garden work. Mrs. Padfield taught the boys to cook each week, six being told off for this "coveted job," so that only the good boys were permitted ultimately to enjoy this privilege.

As one great and growing need of the Church on the Congo is efficient teachers—teachers that should have their minds enlarged by new conceptions of God's great world, and the mighty power revealed in it—our friends hoped and believed that from this school at Baringa such teachers would come in growing numbers.

[N.B.—Owing to necessary changes of *personnel*, and the fact that Baringa Station had to be left to native help for some considerable period, the Colony work is not being continued in quite the same form, but many of the lads in training under Mr. and Mrs. Padfield are now working as teachers in the village out-schools, having Baringa as their centre. We shall be grateful if friends would undertake the support of one of these village schools with their teacher, in memory of Mr. Padfield. This can be done for £4 a year.]

Nor was our friend less beloved by children in the homeland. The following tribute has been received from the daughter of the late Mr. McAuliffe, the former leader of the Gospel Mission, Tunbridge Wells :—

"Your letter giving us the sad news of dear Mr. Padfield's death came as a stunning blow. It was such a short time ago that he was with us in our home in such perfect health that it seems incredible that he has passed from us for ever.

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“ To us as a family, his death leaves a big gap, for he has been our friend for so long, and has shared with us not only in our work, but in most of the big sorrows that have come to our home.

“ One cannot but feel that Congo and its work and workers must be dearer to our hearts than ever and must claim our service and prayers in the future even to greater sacrifice, for the sake of the holy Dead who sleep there till Jesus comes.

“ My little band of Children Workers who were so keen on Mr. Padfield's work, on hearing of his death, looked up and asked me, ‘ Who will take our money to the Congo now, and who will preach to them there of Jesus.’ ‘ Will somebody else go for him now ? ’ ”

* * * * *

We conclude this Memoir, in words which ever formed the subject of the ministry of our departed friend, whether at home or abroad, and which were his life's motto :

“ I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST FOR HE, AND HE ALONE, IS THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION.”

MRS. PADFIELD'S THANKS.

Mrs. Padfield desires us to thank, on her behalf, all those friends who have written direct to her, as it is impossible for her to do so individually. She is very grateful for the many communications she has received, which have been a real comfort in her sorrow.

CHAPTER V.

APPRECIATIONS BY SOME OF HIS FELLOW MISSIONARIES.

“ The news that was flashed across the sea telling of the home-call of our dear colleague, Mr. Padfield, was just stunning. No other word adequately expresses the feeling that was produced. It seemed almost impossible to realise that he had passed away, so recently had he left us looking quite robust, strong and vigorous.

And yet alas ! it is only too true that he is no longer with us and the work that was so dear to his heart will have his co-operation no more.

Our only consolation in face of this great loss and deep sorrow is the fact that God's wisdom and love are unerring and that He knows why He has called our brother away from active service in this time of special need.

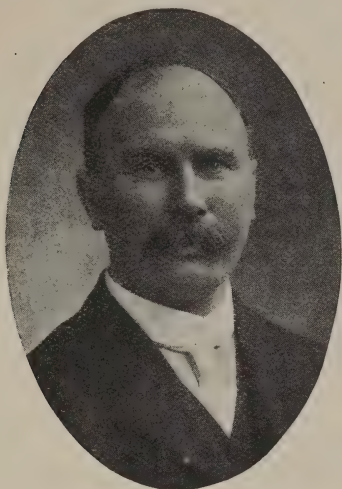
We do not understand, but we will trust.

Only we, who have been his fellow workers in Congoland, know what he has been to the work, and how difficult it will be to fill his place.

He loved the Congo natives and was always willing to spend and be spent in service for them. He gave his very best in seeking to uplift them and lead them out of darkness and bondage to the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom multitudes

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of them have found light and liberty. Now he has made the supreme sacrifice, and given his life in seeking their salvation.



REV. EDGAR W. STANNARD
who has just returned, with his wife, to the
Congo.

It would be difficult to estimate the extent of Mr. Padfield's influence on the Congo. He not only loved the natives, but they loved him. They were wooed and won by the magnetism of his personality, and the sympathy and love that he always made them feel he had for them.

He had been on the staff at quite a number of our stations, first at Lolanga and subsequently at Bonginda, Baringa and Ikau. At each place he left a deep impress and many hearts will to-day be mourning his loss.

He was pre-eminent in the work of itineration. The claims of the less privileged people living in the out-lying parts of our districts were ever before him, and also the needs of the little communities of Christians who had been gathered out of heathenism and who after all are only 'Babes in Christ.'

To many of these scattered 'little ones,' he was as a 'savour of Christ' and a 'light in the darkness.'

One phase of the work that will always be associated with Mr. Padfield's name is the Wicker-Work Industry. He was always keenly interested in any form of industrial work that would give lads a new aim and ambition in life.

When therefore he heard that Mr. Allen, of the B.M.S. at Bolobo, had started a Wicker-Work Industry, he at once saw its possibilities and determined to try it at Baringa. He sent two sharp lads to Bolobo as apprentices, and after they had learnt the work they returned to Baringa and the work was started there. It was a great success, and was going on splendidly when Baringa had to be closed temporarily. It was therefore transferred to Ikau where it has been largely developed under the supervision of Mr. Coxill. But the Wicker-Work Industry will always be linked with Mr. Padfield's name and is almost a kind of memorial to him.

In a very real sense our beloved brother lived and died for the salvation of the dark sons and daughters of Congoland. And we, his colleagues, who worked with him in that dark land, always felt the charm and winsomeness of his genial personality. We thank God for his life and work and by his death both we and dark Congoland are infinitely poorer."

EDGAR W. STANNARD.

"There are men, who, in addition to a capacity for hard work, have an aptness of expression that compels attention. Charles Padfield was such a man. There was something about him that appealed at the first meeting; there was a winsomeness about him that was very lovely, and that ensured friendship, enduring and deep. He was remarkably human, and he had a heart that responded to joy or sorrow as only truly great souls can.

From the day when I first met him 20 years ago until the evening when I said 'Good-bye' three months since, he has always been my great friend. I first fell in love with him at Harley, and all our contacts since that time have just deepened the affection.

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The explanation of his power was that he was a man of 'soul.' The way he felt other men's sorrows, and the ruin he saw sin working in human lives, bred within him an intensity of feeling that was expressed in a compelling eloquence. On Mile End Waste I've seen him literally pressed in upon by a crowd of the most besotted-looking men and women. His text had been some current newspaper paragraph of human sin and sorrow. A few wonderful minutes would suffice to bedew many cheeks with tears, and expressionless faces grew tense under what seemed almost a magic spell. Wonder of wonders!—men were looking at their own wicked hearts—they were reading—written as with letters of fire—the doom awaiting them at the end of the road they had taken as their choice. And then faces were seen to brighten, as depraved men were assured of a welcome back home by the Father, who all the time had been loving them. This wooing power was a wonderful thing.

Now this great capacity of heart was the outstanding thing with 'Charlie Padfield.' It was this that made him a great missionary. He knew men, Pagan Africans, cannibal by habit and savage in disposition, recognised that here was a man who knew them—knew their gross sins, and their dark past. But they recognised more. They found in him the white-man who with all his knowledge of their filthy past, knew also the aspirations they had for something better, and gave them credit for every spark of good that they themselves felt to be within them. They knew he was in close touch with God through Prayer; he knew what it meant to live in sympathy with Christ. He was no mere visionary, but one who having been to the mountain top always came back to deal with the needs of men about him in the most practical way and with the tenderest sympathy. No wonder men loved him.

I wonder how many men to-day—African and other than African—could write, 'It was Padfield who first showed me that which ever since has been my guiding star!' We thank God for him, and covet that capacity that he had to feel for men, and the soul that led him to be untiring in wooing men back to God, and waving them on to higher heights in Christlike experience."

• ERNEST CARTWRIGHT.

It was my privilege to be associated with Mr. Padfield in the work at Ikau during the period of consolidation following upon the great revival of 1908-9. Previous to that time the people of Ikau had had only a passing acquaintance with him, but he was received with all the enthusiasm of one whose worth had already been fully proved.

He was impelled by boundless enthusiasm for the speedy advance of the Kingdom of God, and rejoiced to utilise every opportunity which presented itself of sending forth Christian natives to bear aloft the torch of the Evangel. He was a member of the Missionary Conference which decided that the native Church must assume the responsibility of sending forth and supporting these native evangelists. His judgment pronounced this to be a step in the right direction, and one that in later years would mean the establishment of a strong Missionary Church of rich fruitage; but he suffered even to tears when the slender maintenance fund made it necessary to withdraw evangelists from places already occupied and to refuse them to villages hitherto unreached. To-day that step, hard though it was at the time, has been amply justified, and our friend lived to see in process of development what he knew would come—a strong reliable native Church growing in power and influence.

JAMES MOON.

"I feel impelled to add my testimony of Charles Padfield as a fellow worker and as a real friend. It was my privilege to have lived side by side with him at Ikau for a time—and sometimes in the silence of the African nights, I have

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heard him pleading with God on behalf of the natives. He was truly a man of prayer. He never spared himself where a native was concerned ; but his meals, his sleep, his resting times, were dispensed with, if only he could serve anyone. He was just fine !!

That poor young widow with her three children ! How our hearts ache for her ! ”

EDITH ELLERY,

Widow of the late John Roberts Ellery,
one of the pioneers of the Congo Balolo
Mission, who himself died on the Congo,
on January 12th, 1906.

West Wickham, Kent.

“ The news of Mr. Padfield’s promotion came as a great shock to all, for he was truly one of our greatest men. No one has ever inspired me so much with evangelistic passion and real love for the African native as he. May God bless and sustain his dear wife and prove a Father indeed to the little ones.”

F. A. HART (Bompona).

APPRECIATIONS FROM MANY DIRECTIONS.

We append a few of the many testimonies to the affection and esteem in which our late brother was held by his colleagues and by Christian friends and workers in Great Britain and America. It is not possible for us to give more than a short selection :—

From the staff of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission at Bolenge, Congo Belge, the following touching resolutions have been received :—

WHEREAS : Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to take unto Himself our beloved brother, Charles W. Padfield, and

WHEREAS : The separation from this honoured and unflagging co-labourer, and his physical loss to our common field of Congo are sorrows most keenly felt in the hearts of us all ; therefore be it

RESOLVED : That we members of the Staff of the Disciples of Christ Congo Mission now at Bolenge, for ourselves and in the name of all our colleagues of the D.C.C.M. and of the Native Church, and of our Society in America, whose guest our brother so recently was, do hereby out of full and tender hearts convey to Mrs. Padfield and to her three dear little ones, and to our brethren of the Congo Balolo Mission our deepest love and sympathy, praying Him who knoweth and doeth all things to carry healing balm to the sore hearts of these our friends, comforting them in their sorrow, strengthening them in their loss, and more than all assuring them that the radiant and compelling spirit of their loved one and intimate friend is, and ever will be, a power for Christ in Africa, living and working undying through the lives of all who knew him, friends black and white. And be it further

RESOLVED : That we send to Mrs. Padfield and to the Congo Balolo Mission and to the Regions Beyond Missionary Union this all too little a testimony of the affection, esteem and honour in which we held Charles Padfield.

Signed by EMORY ROSS and fourteen Missionaries.

REGIONS BEYOND.

" I would like for you to express to all the many friends of Mr. Padfield, the sincere sympathy of our Mission and of our Society in the loss which is common to us all. I have known Mr. Padfield since about December, 1906, and while we have often been separated by many miles, we have kept in quite close touch with one another, and I feel to-day a sense of very deep personal loss. He has often been a guest in our home at Bolenge, and we made the trip from London to the Congo with him in 1910. He preached often in our church at Bolenge, and was always heard with gladness by our people there. There were few better preachers in the Lomongo language than Charles Padfield, and there are many glad hearts and happy homes among the Congo peoples, to whom this sad news will come with a very great shock. As you know, during these latter years, Mr. Padfield and I have been working together very closely as we had both hoped for closer co-operation between your Mission and ours and our fellowship together in London this year was especially rich, because almost all our time together was spent in talking about that hope. I know that he was going back to the Field at this time with quite definite expectations that in some definite, practical way, we would be able to commence to carry out those hopes for united effort.

His passing is a loss to our common Christianity on the Congo, and all the friends of the forward movements of every sort will miss him greatly in their councils. He will have been missed especially in the general conference at Bolenge and in the United Conference of our two missions at Lolanga. "We are joining our prayers with yours in this trying hour."

ANDREW F. HENSEY,

Legal Representative of the Disciples of Christ
Congo Mission.

" Mr. Padfield greatly impressed me during my intercourse with him in our voyage together and in our conferences in New York last January and February. His modesty, geniality, sincerity and intense devotion to his Lord and to the work committed to him could not but commend him to all who had the privilege of associating with him.

Your Mission has sustained an immeasurable loss and the Congo natives to whom he was known, have to mourn the departure from their midst of one who gave thought, prayer, energy, love and finally life itself for them.

Please accept my sympathy with your Committee and yourself in this sore bereavement."

T. S. PENNY,

Ex-Chairman of Committee,
Baptist Missionary Society.

" The staff of Christian workers on the Congo has suffered the loss of one of its best-known and well-loved members in the death of the Rev. Charles Padfield. He was a successful Missionary, whose high character, sincere work, and extended service, gained him a high place in the esteem of Missionaries of all Societies."

—*Baptist Missionary Herald.*

[To MRS. PADFIELD,]

" My people and I all feel constrained to send you an expression of our deepest sympathy in the great sorrow that has so suddenly befallen you. We feel this constraint all the more in view of the fact that Mr. Padfield's last evening before leaving for the Congo was spent with us. What a message that was! We shall never forget it. Had he known that was to be his last effort in the interests of the Congo people he could not have spoken with greater power. We were all deeply conscious of his absolute abandonment to the Holy Spirit. His whole

MEMOIR OF REV. CHARLES PADFIELD.

being was controlled by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit. Ever since that night we have followed him by our prayers.

On the reading of the cable from Mr. Mathers the large congregation rose to its feet in acknowledgment of humble submission to God, in respect for our dear brother, and in deepest sympathy towards yourself. Whilst standing solemnly in the presence of God we commended you to His Fatherly care, and we shall continue thus to pray for you.

Yours very sincerely,

R. HINDLE,
Pastor, Baptist Church, Waltham Abbey."

From the Rev. G. W. FORBES-SMITH, B.A., Christ Church, Leigh-on-Sea.

"To know Mr. Padfield was to love him. He was a large-hearted, broad-minded Christian gentleman, and of a most kindly disposition. I well remember a delightful afternoon he and I spent together a year or so ago. He told me how he was faced this time with having to leave his wife in this country, while he returned to Africa. He was much exercised in his mind as to the will of God for him, but he said, 'I feel as if I have put my hands to the plough and cannot now turn back.' In the presence of such practical consecration I inwardly bowed, saying 'The will of the Lord be done.' I had met my master, and realised how far short I was in such entire abandonment to God. Such a rare soul, so obedient to the heavenly vision, was needed in higher service, and 'he was not, for God took him,' but, before his translation he had this testimony that he pleased God."

Many branches of the R.B.H.U. and other friends of the work have written letters of sympathy and appreciation, but, unfortunately, we have no room to quote from these.

 We would draw the special attention of our readers to the announcements on 3rd page of cover, concerning our Easter Conference at Slavanka, and our Annual Meetings at the end of April.

Summary of Subscriptions, Donations and Legacies received.

	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Free Appropriation	193 16 6	126 2 11 *244 1 6	392 2 9	345 11 0	462 8 6
Training of Missionary	—	—	—	10 0 0	—
Passages and Outfits	—	—	6 0 0	—	120 0 0
Congo Balolo Mission	121 13 1	119 19 10	266 8 11	133 12 5	186 4 0
Behar, India	34 16 0	37 4 0	149 6 0	100 17 0	62 12 0
R.B.M.U. Helpers	774 14 7	454 18 5	180 17 0	240 11 11	323 10 6
Legacies	291 5 1	75 0 0	751 16 6	132 19 11	250 0 0
TOTAL	1,416 5 3	1,057 6 8	1,746 11 2	963 12 3	1,404 15 0

* By sale of two cottages—a gift.

N.B.—The half-yearly list of Helpers' Branches will be published in our next issue in April.

OUR GRATEFUL THANKS

For the following gifts other than money, received per 60 Gower Street, from August 1st to November 30th, 1921.

Parcels of material for the "Women of Yoseki," (in response to Mrs. Jeffrey's appeal in the June issue of "The Congo Balolo Mission Record.") All have been acknowledged as far as the senders are known—	
Miss L., Glasgow; Mrs. V. Hackney; Miss C., Wimbledon; Miss C., Teignmouth; Misses W., Leith; Misses S., Speldhurst; Miss T., Greenock; Miss D., Eastbourne; Miss T., Kennington; Miss B., Worthing; Misses N. & A., Hove; Miss R., Wallasey; Mrs. T., Exmouth; Miss B., Waterford; Mrs. H., Dundee; Mr. & Mrs. W., Thornton Heath; Mrs. R., Edinburgh; Mr. & Mrs. M. and friends, Cathcart, Glasgow; Anon, Dundee; Miss C., Sidcup; Friends at Queen's Park Glasgow, per Miss H.; Friends at Vincent Street Mission, London, E., per Miss N.; Mr. & Miss J. G., Birkenhead; Mrs. N. M., Maryhill, Glasgow; Miss E. E. B., Copthorne; Mrs. K., Belfast; Mrs. H., Grantham; Mr. E., Bury St. Edmunds; Miss J. J. F., Beith.	
Mr. & Mrs. W. (Croydon District Branch) ..	6 Garments for Congo, and 4 Suits.
Peckham Park Road Baptist Church ..	1 Suit, 1 pair Trousers, 20 Suits (Yoseki Station, Mr. Kimber).
Friends in Edinburgh (per Mr. & Mrs. Murray)	17 Knickers and 16 Jumpers, for lads in training at Bongandanga (Mr. Ruskin).
Greystones Sewing Meeting (per Miss B.) ..	Cloth for 2 Skirts for the Women of Yoseki (Mrs. Jeffrey).
The Evangel Movement, Boscombe ..	Material for making Skirts, Yoseki (Mr. Cartwright).
Ebenezer Chapel, Abbey Street, Missionary Council	900 Text Cards in John iii., 16. (Congo Balolo Mission Stations).
Miss B's Bible Class, Ipswich ..	2 Girls' Dresses, 5 Jerseys, 3 Boys' Coats and 6 pairs Knickers for Yoseki (Mrs. Kimber).
R.B.H.U., Shoreditch ..	4 Woollen Scarves, 2 Dolls, 6 Kurtas, 6 Bags, 10 Needlecases, 5 Writing Cases, for Miss Lee's work (Women of Behar).
Mrs. D., Kingston-on-Thames ..	3 Cloth Scarves, 8 Woollen Ditto, 6 Knickers, 8 Kurtas, and 9 Print Dresses (for Ditto).
Mrs. W., and Friends, Kingston-on-Thames ..	ditto ditto Ikau Prayer Circle, 10 Vests.
Miss M., and Friends (Clapton) ..	1 Large Doll. (Ditto).
Mrs. K. M. (Scotland) ..	10 Dolls, 4 Mirrors, 15 Bags, Slate Pencils and Christmas Cards. (Ditto.)
Peckham Park Road Baptist Sunday School ..	Box containing Garments, Cloth, Beads, Toys, etc, Yoseki (Mrs. Jeffrey).
Mr. H. (Manchester) ..	Parcel of Writing Sets, Cloth for 18 Dresses and various articles for Yoseki, and also for Native Pastor.
Missionary Study Class (Beckenham) ..	Three parcels containing 23 Suits of Clothing for Yoseki (Mr. Kimber's work).
Members of North Beach Bethel Missionary Sewing Party of Lowestoft	Box of Dolls, Painting Books, etc., for Bompona (Mr. Hart's work).
Miss P. (Blakedown) ..	Medical Articles, Ikau Station.
A Friend, (Worthing) ..	Garments for the late Mrs. Hart's Station.
Grove Street Institute (Glasgow) ..	Garments and Materials, Dolls, etc., for Yoseki (Mrs. Jeffrey).
St. Peter's Mission Church and School (Sheffield)	1 Gold Bracelet with small padlock (for sale).
	Box of Dolls, etc., (Mr. & Mrs. Hodge's work, Behar).
	Box of Goods for Miss Morton's work among Women and Girls (Behar).

The following Gifts have been received by Dr. Faraker for the work in connection with Harnatar:—

- 1.—"Triumph" Motor Cycle. Given by Mrs. L. V. M. Robertson, of St. Leonards-on-Sea, in memory of her husband, L. V. M. Robertson, Esq., I.C.S.
- 2.—"Henderson" Sidecar, given by Mrs. Nihill (St. Leonards-on-Sea).
- 3.—"Shipway" Anæsthetic Apparatus. Given by Dr. H. J. Weston (St. Leonards-on-Sea).
- 4.—Surgical Instruments. Given by Dr. J. J. Faraker (Brockley, S.E.).
- 5.—Dog Cart. Given by R. Bion, Esq. (Chainpatia, Champaran, Behar).
- 6.—Box of Bandages. Dressings, Linen. Mrs. R. Faraker (St. Leonards-on-Sea) and Friends.

WANTS.

For the Out-station Schools at Ikau: Two gross small note books, costing about 1½d. each. For prizes for progress made. A gift of 40/- would enable us to send these out.

Copping's small Scripture Pictures, published by R.T.S. for teaching purposes. A gift of 25/- would enable us to send these.

Birth.

KIMBER.—At Bompona, on October 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Kimber, a daughter. (Gwendoline Louise).

Death.

PADFIELD.—On the S.S. Ambleve, Upper Congo, October 14th, 1921, the Rev. Charles [Padfield].

Departures:

On October 14th—Mr. and Mrs. Wynd and Miss Lee, for Behar.

On November 11th.—Mr. and Mrs. Hodge, for Behar.

On January 12th, by S.S. Albertville, Mr. & Mrs. Stannard, for Congo.

Arrivals from the Congo:

Rev. H. S. and Mrs. Gamman and Miss Wright from Bongandanga.

FOR SALE for R.B.M.U. FUNDS.

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1 Lady's Gold Chain (72 ins.) long	2	7	6
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1 Gold Ring, buckle shape ...		19	6
1 Opal Scarf Pin ...	1	5	0
1 Lady's Fan (broken), set with two Pearls ...	1	0	0
1 Gent's Albert Chain ...		15	0
1 Gold Ring (broad) ...		15	0
1 Pair Gold Sleeve Links ...	1	4	0
1 Gent's Gold Albert Chain ...	2	10	0

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Dr. F. B. MEYER, 60, Gower Street, W.C.1.

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EASTER 1922 (April 13th to 18th.)

ADVENT-MISSIONARY CONFERENCE.

SLAVANKA, SOUTHBOURNE, HANTS.

We are arranging an ADVENT-MISSIONARY CONFERENCE in connection with the R.B.M.U. at the spacious Hall in the Grounds of SLAVANKA, SOUTHBOURNE, near Bournemouth, to be addressed by MRS. PENN LEWIS, REV. PETER ROSE, and our Congo Missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gamman, Miss Wright, and Rev. Ernest Cartwright, under the Presidency of Dr. F. B. MEYER.

At present it is not possible to provide hospitality at Slavanka for those who wish to attend the Conference, the proposed hostel there not being ready for some months, so that friends must arrange their own accommodation, in or near Bournemouth or Boscombe—and should make *early* application to the Secretary at Slavanka, who will be able to supply a Schedule of Apartments available. Address: The Secretary Slavanka, Southbourne, Hants. Dinner and Tea will, however, be provided daily at Slavanka for those who wish at reasonable charges.

When accommodation has been duly arranged, a note should be sent to Dr. Meyer, at 60, Gower Street, London, W.C.1, saying that it is the intention of the writer to attend the Conference, that programmes and other information may be sent when ready.

We earnestly hope that our friends from all parts of the country will take note of this preliminary announcement, and consider if it will not be possible to spend these days at the Conference.

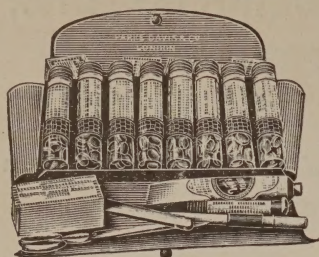
PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS OF THE R.B.M.U.
WILL BE HELD AT THE
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER, On Friday, APRIL 28th, 1922,
at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Full particulars will be sent to all our London Friends in due course. Provincial or Scottish Friends likely to be in London at that time will kindly send a post card for particulars, which will be ready early in April and will be gladly sent by Dr. F. B. Meyer, 60, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

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